

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., December 12, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

The jury in the case of J. J. Cornelison, indicted charged with criminal assault on Judge Reid at Mt. Sterling, returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed his punishment at one cent and costs and 3 years' imprisonment. The intelligence will be received with satisfaction by every one acquainted with the cowardly details. It is a pity that the verdict could not have been one demanding a life for a life, but since that was hardly to be hoped for, there is consolation in the one rendered. It will deter rascals from wreaking their vengeance on a Judge for doing his duty and have a salutary effect generally. Already though, Cornelison's lawyers are working to save him from prison, but it is to be hoped that he will be made to suffer the full penalty prescribed against him.

The Louisville *Times* remarks that 'The Covington Commonwealth and the Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL have joined hearts and hands in advocacy of the whipping-post as a punishment for minor offenses. The question will probably enter into the legislative contest next year, and with the regular political differences, the prohibition question and the ever present dog-law, will give a lively tint to the summer campaign. There is no doubt that a large number of persons in this State need whipping, but that the Legislature will authorize that it be done by law is doubtful.' With the able assistance of the *Times* and the other newspapers, enough backbone might be given the Legislature to cause it to give us a law that every thinking man must admit is demanded.

THE democrats should see that the postmaster at Richmond is retained in office. He is one of the best in the State as the following from the *Herald* of that place shows: 'Mr. John Taylor has been Postmaster at this place nineteen years and in all that time he has lost only ten days from the office and then on account of sickness. He has never been from home since his appointment except a few times on Sunday. He works a greater number of hours than any other man in Richmond and fills the most difficult position. He expects to hold his commission until its expiration. He has certainly made a faithful and attentive officer.

THAT dirty renegade, Chalmers, proposed a bill in Congress Tuesday to restore a republican form of government to the state of Mississippi. It is said that some derisive laughter greeted the reading of the bill on the democratic side of the house, but it should not have received even that much attention. The hero of Fort Pillow failed of election because the negroes would not vote for him after his record was explained to them and he is mad with all creation. It is a God send that his career in Congress has been cut short.

GEN. GRANT wrote to Mr. Mitchell, the man who introduced the bill to pension him that he would under no circumstances accept the pension, even if the bill passed both Houses and received the approval of the President. The General wants to be put on the retired list of the army and his great admirer, the Louisville *Commercial*, labors through a column to prove that it is but his just deserts. It is like pouring water in a rat hole, voting money to Grant. He has drawn his full share for any and all service he has ever rendered this country.

THIS is the way the Philadelphia *Record* pokes fun at contemporary: Barely a month has elapsed since the election of Cleveland and Hendricks, and already the weather is colder, the leaves have fallen from the trees, there has been one flurry of snow and the days are appreciably shorter. We do not wonder that sighs as big as hiccupps be the type of the New York *Tribune* as it contemplates these melancholy evidences of the results of democratic triumph.

IT seems to be a settled fact that Senator Bayard will be appointed Secretary of State. All the slates contain his name and the news comes semi-officially that it is not without reason. The Senator deserves the honor and would add much to the new administration, but we dislike to see him taken from his leading position in the Senate.

WE are in receipt of No. 3, Vol. 1, of the *Somerset Telegraph* which we place upon our exchange list with pleasure. It is published by T. B. Coppage and J. G. Hail and is in every way a credit to their good sense in getting up a paper.

REPRESENTATIVE FOLLETT expressed a determination to contest a seat in the Forty-ninth Congress from the First Ohio district.

MISS MARY G. CALDWELL, of New York has bequeathed \$300,000 to the Plenary Council at Baltimore, for the endowment, of a National Catholic University. She is worth \$4,000,000 and is related to the Louisville Caldwells.

T. J. MILLER and G. W. Masterson, of the late Coon Hollow distillery, are under arrest for gaining access to a government warehouse in the absence of the proper officer and removing spirits on which the tax had not been paid. The case has created great excitement as both men had the confidence of their neighbors.

REUBEN R. SPRINGER died in Cincinnati Wednesday. He is widely known from his munificent gifts to the public in the form of the Music Hall, Exposition buildings and College of Music, to which he has contributed within the past nine years about \$350,000. He was 84 years old.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress will adjourn from the 21st until January 2.

Six persons were burned alive in a house near Pottsville, Pa.

There are 700 suits for divorce on the dockets of the Chicago courts.

An Indiana blasphemer was struck dead with an oath hot upon his lips.

Butler has sold his big house opposite the Capitol at Washington for \$75,000.

Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Morrison are opposed to bringing up the tariff question this session.

George Roe stabbed to death Hugh Miller in Barren county because he hurried for Cleveland.

A bill has been introduced appropriating \$100,000 to complete the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue.

Gen. Wade Hampton was re-elected to the U. S. Senate by the South Carolina Legislature this week.

Jones H. Powers, Wayne Powers and Geo. Gibson are sentenced to hang February 6 at Lynchburg, Va.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt has received a judgment against General U. S. Grant for \$15,000, money loaned.

Two negro women poisoned thirteen people near White Sulphur Springs. Four of the victims have died.

Hotel keepers at Washington are now giving \$50 a day for rooms during the inauguration of Cleveland.

December 16 is the last day for filing records to the next term of the Court of Appeals and Superior Court.

The Arkansas train robbers under the leadership of Joe Cook have been arrested and most of the booty secured.

Pierre Prefaux, a blind beggar, died in Pittsburgh, leaving over \$5,000 on deposit in the Dollar Savings Bank of that city.

Of the deaths reported in New York last week 127 were from consumption 77 from pneumonia and 43 from bronchitis.

Charles Stevens, a desperado, has killed Hubert Kramer, at Maysville, Mo., was taken from jail by a mob and hanged.

The J. I. Case Plow Company, Racine, Wis., has made an assignment. Liabilities probably \$300,000; assets \$650,000.

The aggregate of the coal shipments from Pittsburgh this week is 9,000,000 bushels, of which 5,227,000 bushels are for Louisville.

Wilkinson Bros., private bankers at Saratoga, have assigned. The failure is thought to involve about \$400,000. The assignment prefers \$98,600.

Prof. H. S. Pritchard, of the Washington University, who has just returned from New Orleans, says the Exposition will not be in presentable shape for a month.

The trial of Comer, the Lexington Convict Camp Superintendent, for the murder of a prisoner, has been continued until the May term of the Circuit Court.

The republicans are pushing the scheme in Congress to establish a State out of the Southern portion of Dakota, the Northern part to be the Territory of Lincoln.

J. B. Johnson, a convict who fired the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson City, and caused a \$200,000 conflagration, was convicted of arson and sentenced to an additional ten years.

A negro stole a hog near Nashville, Tenn., and while getting over a fence with it, it fell on his neck, breaking it. The negro and the hog were found on the fence when daylight came.

Cheyenne is covered with snow. The snow was general to the north and west of that city and on the line of the Union Pacific the banks of snow were so heavy that trains only got through by the use of several additional engines.

A mob shot and killed John Martin, who was charged with the murder of F. M. Toliver in Rowan county, while he was in the custody of an officer. It is charged that the officer was in collusion with the mob.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Mrs. Harriett Manwaring wife of B. Manwaring, died Wednesday night of a complication of diseases of long standing.

The funeral is to take place at 2 o'clock P. M.

—The ladies of the Christian church are to give a supper in the vacant store room under the Opera House to-night (Thursday) when all the delicacies of the season are to be served.

Squire Wm. Berkele, whose distillery in this county is one of the few in the district that is running, is now turning out from 5 to 6 barrels daily of the very best goods. He has in his warehouses a big lot of the same quality from one to five years old.

—Messrs. Jas. Kinnaird and J. A. Quisbry have purchased from T. H. Swope the handsome and valuable property on Lexington street running from the Shaker town pile to Cemetery street. The price paid was \$10,000. Mr. Q. takes the lot next to the Cemetery street at \$2,700, Mr. Kinnaird keeping the balance. The same property was sold several years ago to Mr. Swope for \$12,000.

—George Beddow was summoned to appear before the high and mighty police court of Danville Thursday morning to answer a charge of selling whisky by retail.

George says that he went at the hour appointed but that the case was not ready.

He says also that the name of the prosecuting witness is not 'at the foot or on' the warrant and that he can't find out who his accuser is, although he noticed Col. Hulett and Mr. Henry Price in the court room, the face of each wearing thoughtful expression, the former whittling a small stick and the latter reclining on a handsomely upholstered lounge and he does not know but what these are the 'sweet violets' upon whose solemn (?) oaths his conviction is sought to be accompanied.

Hon. A. G. Talbott has returned from a two months' absence in Kansas and other portions of the great West.

Miss Georgia Towson and Mr. S. C. Booth of Lawrenceburg, were married Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. W. F. Shears, this place. Dr. H. B. Martin, of the Presbyterian church was the officiating minister. Mrs. Shears is a sister of the bride.

The Young Folks Concert" given at the Opera House Tuesday night was the best entertainment gotten up by amateurs in Danville for many a day. The character songs, pantomimes, &c., were as amusing as could be, some of the performers deporting themselves with the ease of old stage people. Messrs. Smoot, Vaughn, Craft and Wilson sang a song upon serious themes, one verse of which ran as follows:

'Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moises in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter said him out,
And sent him off to school.
Mr. Francis Wilson as a blonde young lady in a yellow dress, the skirts of which were arranged with matchless grace was simply irresistible, while Mr. A. E. Hundley looked as coquettish as it is possible for any young lady to look. All the boys acted their parts handsomely and were ably directed by Mr. Speed Fry who was stage manager as well as a leading performer.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

„PRAISE THE LORD.”
4 PARK TERRACE, HIGHGATE, LONDON. Nov. 29th, 1884

Dear Interior:

I think we were in the Wood Green estate at the date of my last. Uninterrupted blessing from first to last marked that meeting; as might have been expected. It was the child of denial, not of the groaning reluctant sort, but joyous and free-hearted. What else could follow but the blessing of the LORD. George's cheerful investment yielded its 100 fold" before the tent pegs were drawn, and the sacred spot was relegated to the unwashed youth of the neighborhood for an accustomed playground. We were there 5 weeks and during the whole time, with trifling exceptions, the weather was charming.

Then we went to Homerton for 3 weeks.

This is a populous precinct in the heart of Smoky East London. We went thither by invitation from Bro. J. J. Jones, who has there a mission hall accommodating 800 and established on independent lines, unhampered and uninhibited by sectarian checks to a larger degree than can be usually found in enterprises of the kind. Here, under Bro. Jones, generous indulgence, we had "full swing" to preach any "heresy" that would save sinners and make saints happy and useful. The Holy Ghost, thus left free to work, came upon that Homerton gathering in Pentecostal power.

As at Wood Green, uninterrupted blessing and crowded audiences testified to the heavenly character of the message and the earthly interest in it. It was good to be there. We shall never forget Bro. Jones' kindness to us, nor the generous way in which he refused to interfere in any way with the conduct of the meeting, even when he heard and saw "strange things." In every way possible he seconded our efforts to reach souls with the "good news." I ought to mention right here that we were introduced to Bro. Jones' notice by the dear Beddows of Stamford Hill, who have been our most indefatigable and useful friends, since they were blest in soul, body and family during the tent meeting at Chpton.

Aouting for bodily healing went on at both Wood Green and Homerton, gingerly at first and then with a rush, after well authenticated cases of healing began to be talked of. I suppose this will always be the case. The few believe on Jesus' testimony. The many on that, plus the testimony of men as to the thing working successfully. And so eternal history is made every day, though men little think it; and fitness or unfitness for the highest places in the gift of our God is proven by these little decisions of our daily life. Peters are rare. Thomas are plentiful and many are called but few chosen," among the all that are saved "by grace, through faith;" though that faith may be of a very low order. For faith that believes only what it sees, is yet faith as faith by the dear Master, who "knows them that are His" even when we repudiate them, because we do not recognize the groveling thing they manifest as faith at all. I am glad He is so much better and tenderer than the best of us. Well, for us all, that He is.

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—The ladies of the Christian church are to give a supper in the vacant store room under the Opera House to-night (Thursday) when all the delicacies of the season are to be served.

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PROFITABLE Reading Matter.

We have been giving this column entirely to Men's

BUELL

BOOTS & SHOES,

And as they are now so well and favorably introduced, further advertising on them for the present is unnecessary. Our idea has been to educate the masses to a line of goods, second in quality and style to none in America. In doing this we have selected the best in the market and discarded the low priced. The result is that we can rarely sell a cheap article, while the success on the good, honest goods is testified by hundreds of men, women and children now wearing

BUELL

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are working for an exclusive shoe trade in this place and have selected a line of goods that will merit it. The particular object of this advertisement is to direct the attention of the

LADIES

—Especially to our

Ladies', Misses', & Children's

—FINE—

DRESS KIDS!

—And substantial—

School Shoes

We do honestly believe that

J. C. Bennett & Barnard in Ladies' Shoes,

—AND—

Williams & Hoyt in Children's Goods

Can put better material and more style for the price asked than any line of goods before the people; and so far as the wearing is concerned, you buy them at our risk—every pair guaranteed. In our medium grade stock for school and home wear we buy nothing but solid, reliable goods, and KNOW they can not be excelled by any shoes on the market. While we are calling special attention to these popular grades, we do not want you to lose sight of our low priced goods, in which we are overstocked. We bought them hoping to reach all classes of trade, but in comparison with our solid goods, with such small difference in price, we have failed to sell them. We do not want to keep them any longer, and if you insist on buying cheap goods, we will sell them to you at wholesale prices. Yours,

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, Stanford, Ky.

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Books, Liquor, Musical Instruments

Stanford, Ky. - December 12, 1884

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 12:45 P. M.
" " South 1:55 P. M.
Express train " 1:14 A. M.
" " North 1:45 A. M.
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Tate & Penny.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Tate & Penny.

A complete stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Tate & Penny.

PERSONAL.

—MR. H. C. BRIGHT went to Louisville yesterday.

—MR. MACK HUFFMAN is out again after a severe spell of illness.

—MISS MOLLIE COZATT, of Parksville is the guest of Miss Ellen Billou.

—MR. J. F. ROBINSON left for Columbus, Ga., yesterday to spend the winter.

—MISS JEAN BUCHANAN, of Crab Orchard, started to New York yesterday to visit Miss Othenheimer and to join her sister, Miss Annie, who has been there several months.

—MR. R. C. WABREN, Commonwealth's Attorney, is back from the Russell Circuit Court, where he succeeded in securing 90 indictments for various offenses, double the usual number.

—MR. T. L. CROW and family will remove in a few days to his farm near Nicholaville. For that reason he offers at public auction lot of fine stock which he does not wish to carry with him.

LOCAL MATTERS.

—“LITTLE BAREFOOT,” December 20th.

FRESH FISH always on hand. J. T. Harris.

Go to Warren & Metcalf's for Christmas goods.

FANCY CANDIES, CANDY FRUITS and TOYS in great abundance at S. S. Myers.

RAIN fell all day yesterday. Lock out for a cold snap to-morrow.

SEE and hear the gold band and orchestra with “Little Barefoot,” Dec. 20th.

JUDGE J. M. PHILLIPS sold a half acre of the John Cook land at Rich mond Junction to T. J. Shelton for \$400.

FOR RENT.—After January 1, the very desirable store room under the INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Address W. P. Walton.

THE Rink will not be opened after to night for two weeks, owing to the fact that the Little Barefoot Troupe will have the hall next week for rehearsal.

LINCOLN PRICE was fined \$30 for cutting Martha Matthews and not having the wherewithal to pay and no one to help him replevy, he will work it out on the rock pile.

By the dropping out of a figure Edmiston & Owsley were made to say in our last issue that they sold all-wool cashmere at 5 cents per yard. Since then they have had orders from all over the country. Of course 50 cents was meant.

OUR stock of Christmas goods this year will consist of novelties in China and Glassware, Lamps, &c., Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Bananas, and the finest and largest assortment of Candies ever brought to this market. Warren & Metcalf.

WELSH, WISEMAN & CO., the large Danville merchants, announce on our first page that they will begin the slaughter of prices on cloaks, next Monday, and when they say that it means that they will be sold lower than ever heard of in these diggings. Money is very scarce, but a little will go a long way if you trade with them.

MR. J. C. RYDEMER, of Gallatin, Tenn., writes that Capt. Spradlin and his corps of engineers have located the Cheapside and Nashville railroad to that point and prospects for the beginning of construction on the first of the year are very favorable. He regrets that our people take such little interest in us that we should use every exertion to get it located through our country.

CREAMERY.—W. H. B. Taylor, representing J. M. Brest & Co., contractors and builders of creameries, is here this week for the purpose of raising a stock company to build and run a creamery at this place. —I am meeting with fine success. The capacity of the establishment is to be 1,500 lbs. per day, though he demonstrates very plausibly that it can be run on a 500 lb. rate and make from 25 to 50 per cent clear money for the stockholders yearly. A splendid location for the building is found at the Buffalo Spring on Mrs. Rochester's farm and it can be had for a reasonable amount. The capital stock is \$4,500 and for this amount the company is to erect the buildings and furnish the necessary apparatus to run it. There are plenty of cows in this vicinity to furnish cream for the 1,500 lbs. per day and it is given as a certain fact that the farmers can sell their cream at a greater profit than they can their butter, after the trouble and expense of making it. The creamery butter sells in any of the markets at about double the price of that made in the usual way, the present quotations in Cincinnati being 30 to 34 cents for creamery and 8 to 20 cents for the other. An established creamery at Lebanon is paying 36 per cent. and we hear good reports from the ones at Georgetown and other points. We are convinced that the enterprise will pay here and we hope our merited men can be induced to see it in that light sufficiently to furnish the necessary capital.

SECURE reserved seats for “L. B.” Dec. 20. MOSES N. LANGFORD, has been commissioned P. M. at Langford, Rockcastle county.

I WILL open in a few days a full line of Christmas trix and fancy candies. T. H. Walton.

Look at this special drive for this month. Eighteen pounds best new crop N. O. sugar for only \$1. Bright & Curran.

WILLIAM FOSTER has secured auctioneer's license and is now prepared to make county sales or on the streets.

A FEROCIOUS looking wild cat was caught in the knobs a few nights ago by William Skidmore while he was coon hunting.

DON'T fail to go and see S. S. Myers' large stock and display of Christmas goods, the best place in town to supply your wants.

WILL COOK, a colored man who works on the railroad, had his foot and ankle crushed by a rail being thrown from a car on it.

FIRE INSURANCE.—In my absence Mr. N. T. Hughes will attend to anything pertaining to my Insurance business. Call on him at Geo. D. Wearen's place of business, T. T. Daviss.

In remitting his subscription for another year Dr. J. W. Jackson, of Sherman, Tex., takes occasion to crow some over the 134,550 majority that the Lone Star State gave Cleveland and Hendricks. It makes him feel so good that he thinks of getting married in the spring.

We are pleased to be able to present our readers with the long looked for letter from Mr. Barnes. We have had hundreds of inquiries about him recently and were just on the eve of writing and asking him what was the matter, when “Praise the Lord,” he removes all doubts about his whereabouts and movements by falling into his old habit.

A TRUE BLUE DEMOCRAT.—After reading the account of Mr. Greenberry Bright's democratic record, Uncle Logan Dawson was lead to give us his for publication. He says. “I was born Sept. 2d, 1806, therefore I am past 78 years old. I was eligible to vote on Sept. 2d, 1827. I think I cast my first vote for General Jackson, the old hero of New Orleans, in 1828. Here Uncle Green had got in one Presidential vote ahead of me on account of his advantage of age, but I have kept time with him up to Cleveland's election. I did not actually vote for Cleveland for the reason I was very sick and could not get to the polls. I suppose I will be allowed to count that vote; if so, it will make 14 votes cast by me for democratic Presidents, one less than by Uncle Green Bright. I can give you something further in democratic genealogy. My father was a democrat and raised 5 democratic sons. I, the eldest, have raised to voting age 7 democratic sons and, strange to say, the 5 who are married all married in democratic families. The other two sons, one is dead and the other is not married. And remarkable again, my four daughters all married democratic husbands and both sons and daughters are raising up more democratic voters. Besides I have 2 grandsons who are of age and vote the democratic ticket.”

FLEEING FROM THE WRATH TO COME.—There is nothing our boys so delight in as to “run” a greenhorn, especially if he be soft on the girls and is not especially complimentary in his remarks about the town. They have been playing the same old trick for years, but every now and then a fresh sucker bites at the alluring bait. A few weeks since there came to this place from Louisville a young man of the Jewish persuasion, who, while not particularly struck on the town was disposed to go about it's pretty girls. The boys saw that there was fun for them in the youth and they accordingly laid their plans.

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Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

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\$2.00 PER ANNUM

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Stanford, Ky., - December 12, 1884

A Word to Young Democrats.

There are many thousands of young democrats who now fondly hope to get into office. There is a fascination about official position, however humble, that readily tempts even sensible young men, and often old men as well, to desert the content of industry and fugacity to enter the feverish, ill-requited and unsatisfying field of political mendicants. There is but one sensible answer to give to all such, and that is the advice of Punch to young folks about to get married—don't.

If any young Democrat imagines that the possession of office is a heaven of bliss, let him take a week and spend a few dollars looking over the now trembling official departments who have gone before. Let him go to Washington and look over the thousands of government subordinates there. Let him gaze into their shadowed faces; at the genteel poverty that asserts itself in their apparel, and at the bowed and silvered who look to removal as starvation. Let the victims of this once pleasing ambition to be consulted, and the sensible young Democrat will return to his home and the content of honest industry, cured of office beguiling.

No greater unkindness can be shown to any young man of fitness for subordinate public office, than to gratify the dream of his ambition by giving him a clerkship or tide-ship in one of the departments at Washington or in one of the city Federal offices. Of those who will seek office, not one in five will be successful; of those who are successful, not one-half will better their condition even for the present, and of the other half, only the bitterness will be their portion. Not one subordinate in five hundred ever rises above the position of a dependent. It is a worse than wasted life to many, a profitless life to all. Don't.—[Philadelphia Times]

A ten-ton tank wagon of creosote was dashed from Newcastle, England, to the North. While it was passing along the Caledonian line at Blackford it was discovered that a brass plug three inches in diameter in the bottom of the tank, had been used for emptying it had fallen out. The leakage was so great that the ground between the rails for thirty yards was covered with oil fully three inches in depth. The station master at Blackford and the porters endeavored to plug the hole with waste, but before the leakage was stopped the tank was nearly empty. By this time the stream of oil was over the north embankment of the railway into an adjacent field, where there is a drain leading to the river Allen, a distance of 150 yards. The oil, getting into the conduit, poured into the river, killing every living thing as far down as Dunblane. Thousands of fish lay dead in the river, no fewer than 300 being counted in one pool. The eels were killed, and a number of water rats were poisoned. The Allen is a favorite stream with anglers, but it is stated that years must elapse before the river is restored to the condition in which it was before the accident.

A newspaper proprietor advertised for an advertisement canvasser, and his test of their fitness, as they applied, was to tell them to get out of the office that instant or he would kick them out. Several timid young men turned tail and left with great disgust, but one, more brazen faced than the rest, nothing daunted by the threat, boldly sat down and said he would not go until his testimonial had been read. So he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and handed in his papers. "Ah!" said the advertiser you'll do, I can see I don't want testimonial; your style is enough for me. No one will ever succeed as an advertisement canvasser who will be influenced by a threat to be kicked out any office."

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic acid and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and awake no more.

A farmer's wife says that three table-spoons of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a mess will cure the scours, and a tea quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Bums, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Tate & Penny.

An Want Answered.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50 cents a bottle at Tate & Penny.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a lead attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard the King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. I have never failed to cure the most severe Colds I have had and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all throat and Lung Diseases may be had free at Tate & Penny's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."



"Too late! What can you mean? Has an other—"

I rose without a word. The room seemed to be clear to my sight was that cursed gold band on the fair white hand—that symbol of possession by another! In that moment hope and all the sweetness of life seemed swept away from me.

Something in my face must have told her how her news affected me. She came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. I trembled like a leaf beneath her touch. She looked beseechingly into my face.

"Oh, not like that!" she cried. "Basil, I am not worth it. I should not have made you happy. You will forget—will find another. If I have wronged or misled you, say you forgive me. Let my hear you, my true friend, wish me happiness."

I strove to force my dry lips to frame some conventional phrase. In vain! words would not come. I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hands.

The door opened suddenly and a man entered. He may have been about forty years of age. He was tall and remarkably handsome. He was dressed with scrupulous care; but there was something written on his face which told me it was not the face of a good man. As I rose from my chair he glanced from me to Philippa with an air of suspicious inquiry.

"Sir, North, an old friend of my mother's and mine," she said, with composure. "Mr. Farmer," she added; and a rosy blush crept round her neck as she indicated the now-comer by the name which I felt sure was now his also.

I bowed mechanically. I made a few disjointed remarks about the weather and kindred topics; then I shook hands with Philippa and left the house, the most miserable man in England.

Philippe married, and married secretly.

How cold her hands have stooped to a clandestine union! What manner of man was he who had won her? Heaven! he must be hard to please; if he cared not to show his contempt to the light of day. "Curl snakeward! villain! Star; he may have his own reasons for concealment—reasons known to Philippa and approved of by her. Not a word against her. She is still my queen; the one woman in the world to me. What she has done is right!

I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I wrote to Philippa. I wished all happiness—I could command my pen, if not my tongue. I said no word about the secret of the wedding, or the evils so often consequent to such concealment. But, with a foreboding of evil to come, I begged her to remember that we were friends; that, although I could see her no more, whenever she wanted a friend's aid, a word would bring me to her side. I used no word of blame. I risked no expression of love or regret. No thought of my grief should jar upon the happiness which she doubtless expected to find. Farewell to the one dream of my life! Farewell, Philippa!

Such a passion as mine may, in these matter-of-fact, unromantic days, seem an anachronism. No matter whether to sympathize or ridicule, I am but laying bare my true thoughts and feelings.

I would not return to my home at once. I shrank from going back to my lonely hearth and beginning to eat my heart out. I had made arrangements to stay in town for some days, so I stayed, trying by a course of what is termed gayety to drive remembrance away. Futile effort! How many have tried the same reputed remedy without success!



And this was her husband—Philippa's husband?

Four days after my interview with Philippa I was walking with a friend who knew every one in town. As we passed the door of one of the most exclusive of the clubs I saw, standing on the steps, talking to other men, the man whom I knew was Philippa's husband. His face was turned from me, so I was able to direct my friend's attention to him.

"Who is that man?" I asked.

"That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?"

"A baronet. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

"He is married?"

"Heaven knows! I don't. I never heard of a Lady Ferrand, although there must be several who are morally entitled to use the designation."

And this was her husband—Philippa's husband!

I clinched my teeth. Why had he married under a false name? Or if she knew that name by which she introduced him to me, why was it, why was it assumed? Why had the marriage been clandestine? Not only Sir Mervyn Ferrand, but the noblest in the land should be proud of winning Philip-

pa! The more I thought of the matter the more wretched I grew. The dread that she had been in some way deceived almost drove me mad. The thought of my proud, beautiful queen some day finding herself humbled to the dust by a scoundrel's deceit was anguish. What could I do?

My first impulse was to demand an explanation, then and there, from Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Yet I had no right or authority so to do. What was I to Philippa, an unsuccessful suitor? Moreover, I felt that she had revealed her secret to me in confidence. If there were good reasons for the concealment, I might do her irretrievable harm by letting this man know that I was aware of his true position in society. No, I could not call him to account. But I must do something, or in time to come my grief may be rendered doubly deep by self-reproach.

The next day I called upon Philippa. She would at least tell me if the name under which this man married her was the true or the false one. Alas! I found that she had left her home the day before—left it to return no more! The lady had no idea whether she had gone, but believed it was her intention to leave England.

After this I threw prudence to the winds. With some trouble I found Sir Mervyn Ferrand's town address. The next day I called on him. He also, I was informed, had just left England. His destination was also unknown.

I turned away moodily. All chance of doing good was at an end. Let the marriage be true or false, Philippa had departed, accompanied by the man who, for purposes of his own, passed under the name of Farmer, but who was really Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

I went back to my home, and amid the week of my life's happiness murmured a prayer and registered an oath. I prayed that honor and happiness might be the lot of my beloved; I swore that were she wronged I would with my own hand take vengeance on the man who wronged her.

For myself I prayed nothing—not even forgetfulness. I loved Philippa; I had lost her forever! The past, the present, the future were all summoned up in these words!

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAIN'S BLOW.

They tell me there are natures stern enough to be able to crush low out of their lives. Ah! not such love as mine! Time, they say, can heal every wound. Not such a wound as mine! My whole existence underwent a change when Philippa showed me the wed-ding-ring on her finger. No wonder it did. Hope was eliminated from it. From that moment I was a changed man.

Life was no longer worth living. The spur of ambition was blunted; the desire for fame gone; the interest which I had hitherto felt in my profession vanished. All the spring, the elasticity, seemed taken out of my being. For months and months I did my work in a perfunctory manner. It gave me no satisfaction that my practices grew larger. I worked, but I cared nothing for my work. Success gave me no pleasure. An increase to the number of my patients was positively unwelcome to me. So long as I made money enough to supply my daily needs, what did it matter? Of what use was wealth to me? It could not buy me the one thing for which I craved. Of what use was life? No wonder that such friends as I had once possessed all but forsook me. My mood at that time was none of the sweetest. I wanted no friends. I was alone in the world; I should be always alone.

So things went on for more than a year. I grew worse instead of better. My gloom deepened; my cynicism grew more confirmed; my life became more and more aimless. These are not lovers' rhapsodies. I would spare you them if I could; but it is necessary that you should know the exact state of my mind in order to understand my subsequent conduct. Even now it seems to me that I am writing this description with my heart's blood.

Not a word came from Philippa. I made inquiries about her, took no steps to trace her. I dared not. Not for one moment did I forget her, and through all those weary months tried to think of her as happy and to be envied; yet, in spite of myself, I shuddered as I pictured her lot as it might really be.

But all the while I knew that the day would come when I should learn whether I was to be thankful that my prayer had been answered, or to be prepared to keep my woe.

In my misanthropical state of mind I heard without the slightest feeling of joy or elation that a distant relative of mine, a man from whom I expected nothing, had died and left me the bulk of his large property. I cared nothing for this unexpected wealth, except for the fact that it enabled me to free myself from a round of toil in which by now I took not the slightest interest. Had it but come two or three years before. Alas! all the things in this life come late.

Now that I was no longer forced to mingle with men in order to gain the means of living, I absolutely shunned my kind. The wish of my youth, to travel in far countries, no longer existed with me. I disposed of my practice—or rather I simply handed it over to the first comer. I left the town of my adoption and bought a small house—it was little more than a cottage—some five miles away from the tiny town of Roding. Here I was utterly unknown, and could live exactly as I chose; and for months it was my choice to live almost like a hermit.

My needs were ministered to by a man who had been for some years in my employment. He was a handy, faithful fellow; honest as the day is long, stolid as the Sphinx; and, for some reason or other, so much attached to me that he was willing to perform on my behalf the duties of housekeeping which are usually relegated to female servants.

Looking back upon that time of seclusion, as a medical man, I wonder what would eventually have been my fate if events had not occurred which once more forced me into the world of men! I firmly believe that brooding in solitude over my grief would at last have affected my brain; that sooner or later I must have developed symptoms of melancholia. Professionally speaking, the probabilities are I should have committed suicide.

Even in the depth of my degradation I must have known the dangers of the path I was treading; for, after having passed six dreary months in my lonely cottage, I was trying to brace myself to seek a change of scene. I shrank from leaving my quiet abode; but every day formed fresh the resolve to do so.

Yet the days, each the same as its forerunner, went by, and I was still there. I had books, of course. I read for days together; then I would throw the volumes aside, and, with a bitter smile, ask myself what end was I directing my studies. The accumulation of knowledge? Tush! I would give all the learning I had acquired, all that a lifetime of research could acquire, to hold Philippa for one brief moment to my heart, and hear her say she loved me. If in the whirl of men, in the midst of hard work, I found it impossible to conquer my hopeless passion, how could I expect to do so living as I at present lived?

Heaven! who is that man?" I asked.

"That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?"

"A baronet. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

And this was her husband—Philippa's husband!

There! my egotistical descriptions are almost over.

Now you know why I said that you must sit by the fire and think with me; must enter, as it were, into my inner self

before you can understand my mental state.

Whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own organization.

If you are so constructed that the love of one woman, and one only, can pervade your

very being, fill your every thought, direct your every action, make life to you a blessing or a curse—if love comes to you in this guise, you will be able to understand me.

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